

HOME READING.

"Little Brown Hands."

They drove home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-dipped strawberry grows,
They gather the earliest sound-nrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose,

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder blooms white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines,
They know where the fruit is the thickest
On the long, tanberry blackberries vines.

They gather the delicate sea weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beauties sea shells—
Fairly barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber,
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-hand children
Small grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land—
The sword and chisel and palette,
Should be held in the little brown hand.

A Bit of Experience.

I have met with a good many people

In jogging o'er life's varied way:

I've encountered the clever, the simple;

The crabbed, the grave and the gay;

I have been with beauty, with virtue,

I have laughed with the ones who were merry

And wept with the ones who were sad.

One thing I have learned in my journey—

Never to judge one by what he appears;

The eyes that seem sparkling with laughter

Will often keep back the tears,

Long, long, sanctimonious faces

Hide often the souls that are vile,

While the heart that is merry and cheerful

Is often the freest from guilt.

But I've learned not to look for perfection

In one of our frail human kind,

Hearts the most gentle and loving

Some blinsh or fault we can find.

But yet I have ne'er found the creature,

So low, so dejected or so mean,

But had some good impulse—some virtue

That 'mong his bad traits might be seen.

And, too, I have learned that most friendships

We make as brittle as glass.

Just let a reverse overtake us—

Our 'friends' on the "other side" pass,

But all! I have found some few loyal—

Some hearts ever loving and true!

And the joy and the peace they have brought me,

Have cheered me my whole journey through.

(Written for the Citizen.)

The Wet Stones.

BY UNXOHO.

The city of Edinburgh, Scotland, styled "Modern Athens," dates back so far in the past that its origin is lost in antiquity. It invites to admire, wonder at, or to stare at, meet the stranger at every turn. Buildings so old and quaint that one almost doubts one's breath in gazing upon them, seeming with and hallowed by the legends of bygone centuries—the very stories of which are built black with an old, old age, and crumbled by the storms of a thousand years.

Dwellings ten and eleven stories high, and places where once stood others fifteen stories in height, now destroyed, yet left so strong and massive as to tax to the uttermost the skill of modern engineers to level them safely. The streets of the "Old Town," built up a little at a time, as the centuries passed, follow the turnings of the foot and cow paths they originally were. The beautiful old castle, perched upon its granite rock in the heart of the city. The old Toll Booth, or prison. The Heart of Midlothian, recalling the Porters Mob, and reeking with tales of torture, fatality and crime. The Haymarket, Cowgate, and Cannongate, with their little closed alleys, regions once the residence of titled lords, long since given over to the poor and lowly, who live in apartments, the walls and paint work of some of which are marvels of exquisite workmanship; the fire places, with their delicate carvings, if transported to America, would command fabulous sums among our wealthy citizens for service in their own homes.

The city is located upon a hill, and surrounded by other and larger hills, really mountains. Passing out through Mornington, a suburb, one comes upon the Braid Hill. Ascending this half-way a fine view is obtained of the mountain top called "King Arthur's Seat." The outline is that of a crouching lion, similar to the lions of Landseer in Trafalgar Square, London. Here King Arthur and the priests, it is said, used to perform the Druid ceremonies at break of day.

Descending to the road, and passing a short distance from the Braid Hill, one finds, placed upon the top a wall surrounding a gentleman's place, a large brown sandstone rock, six feet long by four feet broad, that formerly lay upon the ground underneath. It is called the "Borg Stone," and ancient times marked the city or Borg (Burz) limits. As the soldiers marched out prior to the awful battle of Flodden, September 9th, 1513 (by which most every wife in Edinburgh was made a widow), King James hated here, and placing the staff on this stone unfurled the Scotch flag to the breeze. The staff was a pine tree, so heavy can it beat the stone under it. One can thus realize the strength of the man whose duty it was to carry it.

A quarter of a mile further on one comes upon two flat stones, about three feet square, in the centre of the highway. These are called the "Wet Stones," because, even in times of long continued droughts, these stones are always moist, and generally wet. No one has, I believe, ever tried to solve this mystery. They are interesting, also, as marking the spot where the last execution took place in Scotland. The history of this execution, and what followed it, is told in Peck's Sun.

The Prohibition Candidate.

In the Prohibition political movement of 1884, which has culminated at Pittsburg in a nomination for the Presidency, there is so much of good in the cause and of truth in its principles, that one dislikes to uphold the platform to criticism, or to oppose the methods suggested for victory. It is true that alcoholic beverages has cursed the nation from the highest to the lowest in society, and robbed men of self-respect, wealth, and brought dishonor and ruin to tens of thousands. It is true that strong drink has produced the bitterest fruits of any national sin our forefathers planted, not excepting the sin of slavery. But still we believe the Pittsburg Convention was not wise, and its declaration of principles contains some misleading heresies. The movement may be right; the movers are too hasty.

It is noticeable that the dealers in ardent spirits, the men who carry on their ruinous traffic all over the country, have not combined to run a third, or fourth, or fifth candidate for the Presidency. They have an issue which is life or death to their business, and they have the same right to present it that the opposition has to present Prohibition. They would secure, perhaps, twice as many votes this fall as the Prohibitionists will. Nevertheless they are quietly taking in the situation, and they will vote in November where it will tell. Their votes always count, which is what the Prohibitionists' votes rarely do. Here is just where the enemy show their wisdom. They run no party of their own, but support candidates and parties which will, in their judgment, allow them to keep their entrenched positions.

It is impossible in a Presidential year, when certain national questions, which have been for years before the people, come up for settlement, to bring out the strength of the anti-liquor movement. Men will vote for previously formed, and broadly framed, national parties, and leave single issues to be decided in their own time on other occasions. Facts must be taken as they are; and here is a fact, namely, that whenever a candidate has been run for the Presidency on a national ticket, along with regular and popular nominations of the Republican and Democratic parties, only a handful of Prohibitionists have voted that distinctive ticket. The case is thus put by the New York Tribune:

The gains of the Prohibitionists have been made in off years, and in Presidential years they have never succeeded in carrying a considerable vote. Their total vote in 1872 in the States, six in number, for which alone returns were given, was: State officers, 6,739; Presidential, 5,508. In 1876, with returns from nineteen States, the vote was: State officers, 26,014; Presidential, 6,757. In 1880, with returns from seventeen States, the vote was: State officers, 10,592; Presidential, 10,305.

It will be seen from these figures that whenever the Presidential question has been in issue, the Prohibitionists themselves have ceased to vote with their organization, and have remained with their original party, obviously preferring to utilize their ballots as Republicans or Democrats. That the invariable falling off of the Prohibition strength in Presidential years is due to the superior force of the political convictions entertained by the Prohibitionists themselves, is proved by the remarkable exhibitions of strength they have given at State elections in off years. Take Iowa as an example. In 1876, at the Presidential election, that State only cast 36 Prohibition votes. In 1877, on a constitutional amendment, the Prohibitionists of the same State cast 10,639 votes. Again, while the Ohio Prohibitionists in 1873 cast 10,277 votes, in 1876 they could only muster 1,636, and in 1880 only 2,616 for Presidential candidates. In 1882 the total Prohibition vote for State officers was 75,822, and for Congressmen 64,000. In 1883 the party polled 57,205 votes.

Now we put to our Prohibition friends in this vicinity, in all earnestness, this question: What is best to do before the enemy, to muster a corporal's guard, and fight and be defeated, or, to wait, slowly and surely gather an army, well-disciplined and equipped, and then attack and conquer? To ask such a question is to answer it.

But it is said, there is a principle at stake and a man cannot be true to God and it unless he votes for it whenever it is squarely presented. Why turn one's back on a single run-shop or exact a prohibitory law in any one State, much less in all?

Until the law-making power be temperance in principle no law will ever be put upon the United States statute book looking toward Prohibition. It is impossible for a President to reform a national evil. The people must do it themselves. They must first be brought to a sense of the sin and shame of it; they must elect representatives in the Legislature and in Congress to stamp out the crime. No leaven of Temperance will work from St. John down to the people. It must work up through all the masses to their representatives. But there is no possibility of St. John coming within a million of votes of election, and votes for him by any Republican must count for Cleveland and free men.

In the first place, we say in reply, that Mr. St. John, were he made President tomorrow, would not have authority to close a single run-shop or exact a prohibitory law in any one State, much less in all.

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In our own experience, says the writer, we know several instances where men who had previously supposed themselves to be ready to perform the Druid ceremonies at break of day.

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They were in the grocery store. Said Brown (seeing a blind man about to enter): "Were you aware how delicate the touch of a blind man is? When nature deprives us of one sense she makes amends by bringing the other sense to extraordinary acuteness. Let me illustrate by this gentleman. If I take a scoop of sugar and let him feel it, and you'll see how quickly he'll tell what it is." The blind man having entered, he was put to the test. He put his thumb and finger in the scoop, and without hesitation said: "That is sand." Everybody laughed at the grocer. He made three several attempts at blushing, and then went into the back shop and kicked the dog—Peck's Sun.

The German town of Furstenfeld thinks it has the oldest house in the world. It is a linden standing in the churchyard among the tombs of centuries, it has a trunk fully 15 feet in diameter, and twisted branches which seem to stretch out all over the enclosure, and is supposed to be 1000 years old.

It is estimated that of Mississippi's sixty or seventy colonels of the late war, not more than 2,500 now remain.—Orange, Va., Observer.

Mrs. Burdette's Last Hours.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* publishes a private letter written by Mr. R. J. Burdette, describing the last hours of his suffering wife. Following is an extract:

The gray light of early morn was creeping through the open windows, and on her patient face, glorified by suffering was shinny another, fairer light, that I know was streaming from celestial palms opening for her. She smiled sweetly as I opened the room and stooped to kiss her, and said:

"Rob, dear, it is in

"The chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning."

It was the hour at which she had expressed a wish that she might pass away, and I knew she referred to a favorite verse of a poem that she loved. I said:

"Yes, dear; I think the sun will come very soon now."

Her face grew radiant as she smiled again, and said:

"Yes, He will come for me this morn ing!"

Dora was quickly at her side and we knew there were watchers whom we couldn't see standing in the room. She who was so nearly past all suffering was solicitous only for our comfort, and in quiet loving tones, gave some little instructions. "You must keep well," she said, "for Robbie's sake you must keep well and strong."

The nurse entered the room, but Carrie could take neither nourishment or medicine. "I want nothing," she said. Her breathing became more laborious. The doctor arrived but she could not swallow the medicine, and he held her hand, bade her good bye and went away promising to come in again during the morning. About six o'clock Robbie came into the room, kissed her "little mama," and stood close by her side.

There was no fear, no dread in all the scene. She could speak only in short broken sentences. As I repeated the beautiful promises to her how her face kindled, as she smiled upon us, turning her dear face from one to the other. Even as she entered the river, she said "the sun was shining on it." She did not shrink. The waters were not so cold nor so bitter. She had no fear, for she relied on the strong right arm of the righteous.

Moved by a sudden impulse, about a half an hour passed away, Robbie rushed to her side, threw his arms about her, and holding her close, kissed her. She kissed her boy tenderly and said:

"God bless my baby."

It was her last blessing on earth. "Lord," she said in broken accents, checked by her troubled breathing, "into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Still she looked at us, smiling until a few moments before the end. She asked for a drink of orangeade, but could not swallow. "Even so," she whispered, "come quickly, Lord Jesus." Her head fell back in my arms. Like a flash of sunlight the "bright white light" swept across her face, carrying away every line and mark of pain, every stain and cloud of disease, her face turned upward and her eyes grew strangely radiant. "Mother!" she called, joyously as a tired child springing into a mother's arms, "mother! mother!" and she was folded in the arms of the angel mother who passed away when she was a child. Her face was as light as the starlight, her radiant eyes were not dimmed when we closed them, and for the first time in many years, she slept without pain.

Velvet mosses cover the little mound where she sleeps, and graceful ferns fringe it around. She rests in the beautiful church of quaint old-fashioned Lower Merton Church. It was her own wish, made nearly quite of a year ago.

I think the angels must have been glad to see her come. So many of them had been delighted with her, and strengthened her in her pilgrimage of suffering, and I know they rejoiced when she came to be with them. There was never so brave, so patient a life, among men; there could be no life braver even among women.

Bishop Simpson and the Widow's Son.

In 1850, Cincinnati was visited by the cholera, which desolated many homes. A little boy, Willie Campbell, who attended the Wesley Chapel Sunday School, was one of the victims. His mother was a wash woman, living on the hillside near the top of Mt. Adams. The pastor was out of the city. The mother was greatly depressed and appealed to the officers of the school, as she did not like to bury her child without funeral service. The writer applied to several ministers without success. The time for the funeral was near at hand, and the poor widow seemed to feel it so keenly that I went to the Book Concern, then at the corner of Main and Eighth streets and was told that the only minister about was editor Simpson. I was quite young then, and it was with great hesitation I entered the editor's room, as a stranger, to ask him to preach the funeral of the poor widow's child. He was very busy writing. I stated the case and he laid down his pen, but he did not say "I am very busy." I knew that he did not say, "Go and ask some other minister." He did not attempt in any way to evade, and if I had asked him to preach the funeral of the greatest dignitary of the land, he could not have consented more cheerfully. He simply said: "My young brother, if you will go with me and show the way, I will go." And that hot, sultry afternoon, away up the hillside, in a little tenement room, we made our way—he to solace the heart of the poor wash-woman, and preach a sermon that was full of power. You may call that a little thing to do. I call it a great act, and it drew my heart to this good man, and revealed to me his true character as a man of God, ready to go to his Master. Many years have rolled by, the bishop has performed mighty works for the church and his country, but the angels in heaven will strike no higher anthems of praise, nor record a greater deed than the funeral service of Bishop Simpson over the poor widow's son.—B. in Western Christian Advocate.

Our Imperfect Senses.

The human frame is acknowledged to be a wonderful piece of mechanism. The Psalmist admired it, but it puzzled him.

If he had been a scientist he would have been able to give physiological reasons for the opinion that there is not one perfect man—no, not one. Scarcely a perfect woman.

It is known that two people do not see the same thing alike, and consequently they de-

scribe it differently. They do not hear the same statement alike, and they always repeat it with variations. Of all witnesses the eye is the least trustworthy. It appears to be the most subject to delusions. There is a reason for this. No two persons have eyes alike. The two eyes in the head are seldom alike; if they match in color they are different in form, different in focus. No one eye in ten millions is in a normal perfect condition. The focus is either behind or in front of the retina or in front of it, and the eye is either near sighted or far sighted. What can be expected of such an imperfect organ in the way of correct observation?

It appears to be still worse with the ear. It is at best a crooked organ and nearly everything that passes through it gets a twist. And these